



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 670.

ST. LEGER.

A TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

"OH! my adored mother," exclaimed the dejected Matilda "what a heavy pressure have I removed from my heart! Yet," continued she, bursting into tears, "do I not purchase happiness at the expence of your peace? Should my mother discover that you consented to this elopement, how completely wretched will he make her life!"

"My heart," said the Baroness, "is so familiarized to wretchedness, that I am able to encounter it with composure and ease; and if my mother should prove productive of her misery, I shall brave every evil with fortitude and neither admits of procrastination nor delay. I must inform St. Leger that I consent to witness, and you must make the necessary preparations for their being fulfilled."

St. Leger received the Baroness's concurrence with a heart overflowing with gratitude and delight; and, after making the necessary preparations for the nuptials, he pretended that he had received an order to repair to the British Court, though the motive was inexplicable to the German. He did not doubt the truth of the Baroness's statement, and he obtained permission to depart without delay.

While Matilda was occupied in preparing for her departure, and in packing up those little ornaments which she thought might be useful, her father and the Duke were arranging those elements that were calculated to destroy the happiness of her life.

Though the Baron had always retired to his chamber several hours before St. Leger intended to depart, yet so charmed was he with the company of his intended son-in-law, that he would not let him go without, and the clock had scarcely struck eleven before the Duke of Modena's carriage was called.

At length the family retired to their apartments, and the Baroness entered Matilda's room; her countenance bore the traces of sorrow and affliction, and fear seemed to have taken possession of her heart. The thought of being separated from the object of her tenderness was too agonizing a circumstance for her to appear resigned; and when she pressed the weeping Matilda to her agonized bosom, suffocated sobs evinced her grief. They were soon aroused from their mutual embraces by the signal which the Baroness had posted with so much dread. Matilda's courage that moment failed her, and she informed her mother that she was resolved to stay.

The attendant, who was to have been the bearer of her flight, was instantly dispatched to St. Leger with the news; who, frantic at hearing such unexpected intelligence, in spite of persecution forced his way into the house.

Breathless with fear, he entered the apartment where Matilda and the Baroness still remained; and, throwing himself on his knees before them, begged he could not support the misery of life.

"raised, as I was," said he, "to the pinnacle of happiness, how can I bear to be suddenly cast down!—Oh! my Matilda, in mercy save me, or I shall become the victim of madness or despair!"

Matilda's heart throbbed within her as she beheld the frantic state of his mind; and, divided between the claims of duty and affection, she was wholly unable to make any reply. The Baroness was by this time more composed, and, turning to St. Leger, said—

"For God's sake rise!—I will not rob you of this darling treasure—But, oh! protect it with the fondest care!"

Here the Baroness was unable to proceed; and again pressing Matilda to her bosom, she placed her hand in that of the now happy St. Leger's; and, after recommending them both to the protecting care of Providence, desired their attendants to conduct him to the gate; yet, when she heard it softly close upon them, a sudden faintness overspread her frame, and for some moments she was insensible to that poignancy of affliction, which in a short time again took possession of her heart.

Whilst Matilda and St. Leger were pursuing their journey with that degree of rapidity which the nature of it required, the Baroness was endeavoring to compose her spirits, so as to meet her Lord with calmness on the following day. The Baron was too much elated at the prospect of the alliance to be able to devote many hours to sleep; and, tapping at the chamber-door which Lady Matilda used to occupy, requested she would rise without delay. But, no reply being returned to the repeated calls upon his daughter's name, he unceremoniously entered the apartment, and was shocked at beholding the bed still made!—A thousand fears darted upon his mind, and a thousand apprehensions took possession of his heart; and, instantly flying to the Baroness's apartment, he authoritatively demanded the sight of his child.

The Baroness was so intimidated by the frenzy of his features, that it was with difficulty she could articulate a reply; and the Baron, perceiving how much she was agitated, had no suspicion that she had been accessory to her daughter's flight. After having searched the chateau and domain, without being able to discover any traces of his child, he directed his footsteps to St. Leger's habitation, and had the misery of finding his apprehensions confirmed. Tortured and enraged by this discovery, he then directed his course to the Minister's abode, where he intended to recover what he had lost.

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Lady Matilda's fault. Every word he uttered seemed to increase his passion, and augment the frenzy that possessed his mind. He resolved, however, to set out for England, and dispatched couriers to all the outward ports, for the purpose of arresting all travellers who appeared to answer the description of those whom he was solicitous to pursue.

Whilst the Baron was making arrangements for his departure, the intended bridegroom was studying his dress, and endeavoring to improve the deformity of his person by the aid of bandages, and the help of stays. At length the important business was completed, and his heart expanded at the anticipation of delight; but what was his astonishment, when he arrived at the Baron's chateau, to see his traveling equipage standing at the door!

But few words were necessary to disclose the meaning of what had occasioned so much alarm and astonishment at the sight; and, though his rage and indignation were not equal to the Baron's, yet his heart beat high with the thoughts of revenge; and the idea of assassinating his more fortunate rival gave an artificial degree of adour to his depraved mind.

Every artifice that invention could suggest, and every effort that money could make, was used, with the hope of discovering the fugitives, or tracing the rout which they pursued. The moment the Baron arrived in England, he flew to St. Leger's father's house; and, after accusing his son of the most disgraceful conduct, peremptorily demanded where he was to be found.

Petrified at an account so wholly unexpected, and shocked at the unworthy behavior of his son, the old gentleman declared, that, from the present moment, he would never consider St. Leger as his child.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, in an agony of affection, "how are my flattering visions fled! I had placed him in a station, where I thought his rising abilities would have conferred a dignity upon his father's name;—but, alas! my hopes are crushed and blasted, and I see my son loaded with infamy and disgrace!—To have resigned a post of such honor and importance, without the least intimation of his design, is in itself an act that must stigmatize his character; and fill his father's breast with shame! Yet, this is but a small portion of his iniquity; for he has basely robbed a parent of his child, and whilst receiving marks of hospitality and friendship, cruelly meditated the destruction of his peace!"

The marks of unfeigned anguish and regret accompanied these words, convinced the Baron that the Father of St. Leger was totally unacquainted with his son's designs; and they mutually sympathized in each other's affliction, though they were unable to form a plan by which it might be redressed. Advertisements, however, were inserted in all the papers, and immense rewards offered to those who should discover where they were concealed; but no intelligence of the fugitives could be procured, and the Baron retained home the victim of despair.

The Duke was equally unsuccessful in his enquiries, and all hopes of a discovery began to

subside. The Baroness alone was acquainted with the place of their retreat, which was in one of the most remote parts of the empire, where they remained until necessity compelled them to go to England, in the hope of being able to find some method of support.

St Leger, during the period of his concealment, had repeatedly applied to his father for aid, and described the motive which had induced him to resign a station so productive of honor and wealth. To these letters he never received a reply, as the Baron had poisoned the old man's mind; and he considered him as one who had disgraced his connexions, and brought himself to infamy and shame. Though his heart was agonized by his father's negligence, yet he thought it possible that the letters might not have reached his hands: he, therefore, resolved to set out for England, and personally try to make his peace.

[To be continued.]

A CHARACTER.

THE following Female Character, is translated from the French. However highly colored the portrait may appear, is not without a living original:—

"It is her happiness to be ignorant of all that the world calls pleasures; her glory is to live in the duties of wife and mother; and she consecrates her days to the practice of the social virtues. Occupied in the government of her family, she reigns over her husband by complaisance; over her children by mildness; over her domestics by goodness. Her house is the residence of religious sentiments, of filial piety, of conjugal love, of maternal tenderness, of order, peace, sweet sleep, and good health. Economical and studious, she prevents want, and dissipates the evil passions, the indigent who present themselves at her door are never repelled; the licentious avoid her presence. She has a character of reserve and dignity, that makes her respected; of indulgence and sensibility, that makes her loved; of prudence and firmness, that makes her feared; of goodness and virtue, that makes her esteemed. She diffuses around her a mild warmth, a pure light, which vivify and illumine all that encircle her."

Happy the man who possesses such a wife, and is sensible of her worth; happy the children who are nurtured by her care and modelled by her conduct; happy the domestics who wait her commands, and enjoy her benevolence; and happy the society which binds in its bosom a being worthy of a better world.

ANECDOTE.

THE intrinsic value of an *Isabelle's* eye seems to have been tested a few years ago, by a bench of Justices in London, when a complaint was lodged by a Jew of the name of Isaac, against an Irish chairman, for knocking out one of his (the complainant's) eyes. It appeared that honest Mr. Isaac, (to use a swindling phrase) had taken in the poor Irishman, by obliging him with a very good WATCH, at little more than three times the value. This raised the indignation of the other to such a height, when told of the imposition, that he swore "by his soul, when he met the pretty faced gentleman again but he'd give him a pop of his peeper." A day or two after, cunning little Isaac was unfortunate enough to accost his friend with, "will you pay a nigger shawl for your watch?" "Yes, my honey," said the son of Erin, "but I'll pay for the watch first;" and without farther ceremony, beat out one of his eyes. The Justices being informed of the particulars, fined the Irishman five shillings, and dismissed the complaint. The Irishman, on paying the fine, told the bench he thought Isaac's eye so cheap, that he would give five shillings more to knock out the other.

OBSERVATION.

AMONG the many advantages arising from cultivated sentiment, one of the first and most truly valuable is that delicate complacency of mind, which leads us to consult the feelings of those with whom we live, by shewing a disposition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency. They must, indeed, have attended little to what passed in the world, who do not know the importance of this disposition; who have not observed, that the want of it often poisons the domestic happiness of families, whose felicity every other circumstance concurs to promote.

REMARK.

ONE who flanders others to raise himself, is like a man who sets fire to one part of a town, in order to rob more safely in another.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

HIGH on yon cloud's cerulean seat,
I ride sublime thro' ether blue,
To flag, while reigns the power of heat;
On fainting earth the summer dew:
I did the rose in crimson glow,
And spread the lily's robe of snow;
I waft from heav'n the balmy breeze,
That sighs along the sleeping seas.
Where the wild ocean's heaving waves
Boil round Magellan's stormy coast;
When long and loud the tempest raves,
I mark the straining vessel tost.
By night along unlighted seas,
I see the living current freeze,
As horror grasps each fainting form,
High 'mid the fury of the storm,
'Till the tall masts in scattered fragments lie,
And plung'd amid the surge, the sufferers sink and die.
Soft be your bed, and sweet your rest,
Ye luckless tenants of the deep!
And o'er each cold and shroudless breast,
May spirits of the waters weep!
And still when awful midnight reigns,
My harp shall join the solemn strains;
My voice shall echo to the waves
That dash above your coral graves:
Blest be the gloom that wraps each faded head,
And blest th' unbroken sleep and silence of the dead.

PITY'S TEAR.

WHAT falls so sweet on fam'ly flow'rs
As soft refreshing tepid show'rs?
What bids the bud its sweets exhale,
Like evening's mildly whispering gale?
Yet sweeter, more delicious far,
And brighter than the brightest star,
Decking the intellectual sphere—
Is Pity's meek and balmy tear!
What bids Despair his arrows hide?
What checks Affliction's tort'ring tide?
What heals the wound of mental pain,
And soothes the rev'ish throbbing brain?
What calms the rage of jealous pride,
And bids the tender pang subside?
Lulling to rest distrust and fear?—
Soft Pity's sweet and balmy tear!
Yet not that PITY form'd to give
A pang which bids affliction live;
Nor PITY that can, taunting, shew
Superior pride untouch'd by woe;
Not PITY that, with haughty smile,
Comforts—and murders all the while—
But PITY, which is form'd to prove
The bond of FAITH—the test of LOVE.

SONG.

HOW sweetly fled the passing hour,
When, free from busy toil,
Beneath the shade of yonder bow'r
I sought repose awhile:
No sound was heard, except the brook
Which wanders through the grove,
While EDWIN, with impassion'd look,
Disclod'd his tale of love!
What maiden, then, could long withstand
The flame his words awoke,
The gentle pressure of his hand,
As tenderly he spoke?
Ah! no!—he woo'd my doating heart,
Which soon my actions prov'd;
I felt the wound of Cupid's dart,
And frankly own'd I lov'd!



ON EXTRAVAGANCE AND AVARICE.

SOME rich men starve to-day for fear of starving to-morrow, (as a man leaps into the sea to avoid being drowned) and the indigent often consume in an hour what they may feel the want of a year: as old men hoarded money because they cannot want it, and young men threw it away because it is necessary to their subsistence.

If covetousness resembles a dropy, extravagance resembles madness; and it would be as just to prescribe laws for extravagants, as guardians for idiots.

We daily see young flauters in gilt carriages, dashing the dirt upon wiser people; then presently after waiting the streets and receiving the dirt of others.

The boarding miser torments himself, and the spend-thrift punishes the innocent. The hoarder heaps up for others; and the prodigal scatters what others had heaped. The hoarder thinks so much of the time to come as to forget the present; the squanderer has his thoughts so much taken up with the present, as to forget the future. The first lives as if he were never to die, and the last as if he had but a day to enjoy. Both are unprofitable members of society; the one occasioning a stoppage in the circulation, and the other an hemorrhage. The hoarding miser is like a fog that infects the air; the prodigal resembles an outrageous storm that overturns all in its way. The hoarder passes restless nights though he has nothing to fear; the squanderer sleeps sound, and leaves want of repose to his creditors. The hoarding miser is a ridiculous creature, and the prodigal a noxious animal.

When we are young, we keep for old age; when we are old, we save for death. A prodigal makes a poor provision for the future, and devours the rest.

A covetous rich man may be said to freeze before the fire; to be a mere dog in a wheel, that rolls to ruin for other men's eating.

FRAGMENT.

***** THE tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impairs the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blooming beauty of that charming flower; and, though it has long since lost its crimson, it still retains a partial similitude; for the tear is on it. But alas! no cheering sun exhales my sorrow; and the crystal which stole forth in the morning from my eyelids, holds its place at the midnight hour.

"And is love," said I, "that has so long preyed on thy beauty?" "Love," replied my friend, "has thus shed the earliest tear."

"No," replied LUCILLA—"Love gave me all its choicest blessings. During five years, I lived in them; and the world was a heaven to me. WILLIAM, however, is no more; but he died in the field of honor—he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell in the defence of their country. I bathed his wounds—his last words blessed me—And his expiring sigh was breathed on my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow—but I had my consolation—my WILLIAM loved none but me; and he still lived in the blessed image which he left me of himself.

"It was my duty—and soon became my sole delight—to point out to the darling boy the path in which his father had trodden, and to instil into his expanding mind the education of parental virtue. His young breast felt the glowing flame; and he was wont to weep, when I led him to the grave, which glory had dug for his father.

"But he, too, is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers—here my fancy feeds my sorrow; and this sacred shrine of affection I shall daily visit, till weary nature conducts me to my husband and my child." *****

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM.

WHEN the Senate of Rome was about electing a Censor, and Valerianus was in nomination, one of the body delivered this speech in his favor: "Who shall we elect but Valerianus, whose life is a censorship? Who is to fitly judge of us all, as he who cannot be charged with any crime? Valerianus is a prudent and wise senator, modest grave, a friend to a good man, and an enemy to a wicked man; an utter foe to the vicious, but more severe against vice. We would have this man for our censor, whom we will imitate to the utmost of our capacities. He is the most noble among all the senators, the highest by birth, of an unspotted life, of profound and excellent learning, of celebrated manners, and the example of antiquity, joined in his actions, faithful in performing his promises, and whom all men speak well of."

THE WARRIOR.

TO acquire distinction in the fields of war,
The hero mounts his military car;
And while the battle bleeds at every pore,
Drives on, infuriate, fur'd with human gore;
But when the business of the day is done,
The foe defeated, and the trophy won;
When he returns in military state,
Rank'd by exulting crowds among the great,
Is he contented with his state of fame?
Does it not feed his wishes to inflame?
Does he not thirst with an increas'd desire,
Increas'd renown, triumphant, to acquire?
Does he not, Pyrrhus-like, now glores scheme,
And bid, at last, felicity a dream?

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1861.

APPOINTMENT

By the Hon. the Council of Appointment.

Dr. Isaac Ledyard, Health Officer of the port, vacated by the death of Dr. Bailey.

The brig Tartar, Rogers, arrived at this port on Wednesday, in 50 days from Greenock, which place she left on the 6th July, and brings Glasgow papers to the 4th.

The British Government (as Captain Rogers informs) have offered to the French Republic the preliminaries of peace, which have been published, and which Capt. R. says he read in a Greenock paper, but neglected to bring it out with him.

Respecting Egypt, the great bone of contention, and the principal obstacles to peace, we find little in the papers we have received except vague rumours. Several accounts spread of an engagement having taken place there in the month of May, to the disadvantage of the English, who were said to have been routed; but these are contradicted in the official dispatches from Lord Elgin, and in private correspondence subsequent to those dispatches. One circumstance appears, however, to be generally agreed to—viz. that the French still retained Alexandria, and that the prospect of reducing it had not brightened since our last advice from that quarter.

From Lisbon. Information was received at Lisbon on the 9th July, that an insurrection had broken out at Madrid; that the King had escaped and gone to Arragon; and that the French army was hastening to Madrid to quell the commotion.

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"Alas! how quick

Treads we in pleasure's footsteps!"

The following is a brief narrative of a very affecting scene which happened on Thursday the 19th inst. Dr. William Rogers, jun. of Hudson, being then bound to Castile in a small sail boat, took with him his only son, a boy about four years old. While they were sailing down the channel of the river, finding it necessary to go forward himself in order to adjust the sail, the sudden sweep of the boom, in the mean time, carried the child overboard. Instantly upon this the father plunged into the river, caught his darling son, and, being an excellent swimmer, he swam with him for some time, by holding him under one of his arms; at length he advised and urged him to crawl upon his back and shoulders, and encircled his arms around his neck, and continued to swim with him in this position. His first object to gain the distant shore, but after many desperate struggles, finding it impracticable, he directed his course toward the lower part of the river. Supported by the boy, and constantly urged by the father, the poor child, whose day was come, dropped from his father's neck and floated down the river as far as Castile, where the lifeless body was found after some time. Mr. Rogers himself, exhausted and on the point of sinking, having been in the water, as he thinks, nearly an hour, was rescued from this hopeless condition, by some people who discovered him and heard his cries, while they were at work to a boat, not far from the river.

Hudson paper.

A Negro Woman named Chloe, was executed at Carlisle, (Penn.) on Saturday the 18th ult. for the murder of two small girls, daughters of her master and mistress. Before her death, she appeared very penitent, and made a full confession of the crime alleged against her—the manner of its commission, and her motive in doing it. Her mistress, she said had been very cruel to her, and compelled these little girls to inform her of every thing she (the black woman) did. To avenge herself upon her mistress, and at different times, by holding her hand over their mouths till they ceased to breathe, and throwing them into a little run, some distance from the house. She was not suspected of the crime till some time after; when it was not till several severe whippings that a confession was extorted.

BOSTON, August 13.

It is now ascertained, that the wreck of a vessel, towed into Nantucket, is the wreck of the scho. Sally, which was owned by Mr. Edward Stevens, a planter of Midway in Georgia. He purchased the vessel at Kellingworth in Connecticut, the last autumn, and took her new from the stocks. On the 7th of April, Mr. Stevens, with his lady, and a number of their friends, embarked in the vessel at New-port, in Georgia, for New-York. On the 15th a tremendous gale of wind was experienced on the southern coast with various degrees of severity, until the 16th. Within this period, it is probable, the vessel overboard, and the passengers and crew lost. The names of the captain and of the seamen are unknown. An unusual interest is taken in the loss of nine passengers, whose friends, in Georgia and Connecticut, must deeply feel and lament this affecting catastrophe.

Mr. Edward Stevens was a sensible, amiable and pious man. Mrs. Sarah Stevens was a woman of modest and innate merit. Both were esteemed as valuable members of the church and society at Midway. Dr. Lathrop Holmes, of Woodstock, in Connecticut, was endeared to his friends by his amiable disposition and gentle manners; to society by his integrity and benevolence; and the church by his judicious counsel, and exemplary life. Mrs. Sarah Holmes, the Dr's. lady, was a woman of rare accomplishments, intellectual, moral and religious. By her native vivacity, tempered and regulated by religion; by her instructive conversation, and by her pre-eminently pure, firm, and unflinching general character, adorned with Christian piety, and was equally useful in the circle of her acquaintance. Mrs. Mary Stevens, and Miss Nancy Samuels, estimable sisters, of Mrs. Holmes; Mr. James Stacy, a worthy man; with two children, of about 9 and 7 years of age, the one a nephew and the other a niece of Mr. Stacy, (all belonging to Midway) complete the list of passengers who by this shipwreck, were doubtless, buried in the ocean.

In the cabin were found a silver fob-chain, marked Sarah Stevens, and a cotton handkerchief, marked Sarah Holmes, relics, which friendship will long preserve, and often have with tributary tears.

Capt. John Pinckham, of Nantucket, by whose exertions the hull was brought into port, kindly saved these articles for the satisfaction of the connexions. Eight or ten barrels of rice, and some broken bales of loose cotton, were found in the hold; and have been sold at auction. The hull though much wrecked, is of considerable value. The above account is to give information to the friends and relatives of the passengers and merchants who were concerned in the vessel or cargo; and at the same time to be a tribute of respect to those, whose memory is blessed.

SCHENQUIN [Penn.] July 6.

Last evening two young men of this neighborhood, the sons of Messrs. Joseph Smith and William Curry undertook to watch a deer. (their intentions being unknown to each other.) Young Mr. Smith arrived there before dark, and had secreted himself to watch the deer; some time after Lockwood Curry, a young man in the 19th year of his age, with a covered of a road in cast, over his shoulders, approached Smith, supposing it to be a deer, fired his piece, and lodged 2 its contents in the face and breast of Mr. Curry. Smith ran to the fatal spot, and, instead of a deer, found his neighbor, and most intimate acquaintance, bleeding and speechless. His surprise and astonishment were too great to be described; he ran immediately home, alarmed their parents and others, who went out and brought in the young man; he remained speechless to the last, and died about 3 o'clock this afternoon.

COURT OF HYMEN.

BLEST be the pair whom sympathy unite,
In the sweet bonds of conjugal delight.
For them the fairest flowers of nature blow;
For them the richest fruits of Ceres grow;
Love, harmony and joy, their paths attend;
Their fate is Paradise, and God their friend—
Delightful state! to which alone is giv'n,
On earth, to antedate the bliss of Heav'n.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, last week, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. JAMES D. WALLACE, Merchant, to Miss HELEN FORTIN.

On Sunday evening last, at West Chester, by the Rev. Dr. Williams, Mr. ARCHIBALD JACKSON, to Miss ANN DAVIDSON, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr. ISABOR PRALL, to Miss HANNAH THOMPSON daughter of Mr. John Thompson, Merchant, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

DEATH's awful summons, each day appear;
Each day their solemn warn'g strike our ear:
The new-born infant and the aged sire,
The blest and the unblest, alike, expire.

DIED.

On Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., at New-Castle, (West-Chester county,) in his 78th year, JACOB WATSON, late of this city, Merchant.

At Louisville, Georgia, General GUNN, Senator of the United States from that State.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MIDDLER, No. 8," is received—we regret that it came too late for insertion this week; it shall have a place in our next.

SUMMER AMUSEMENT.

MOUNT VERNON GARDEN.

On Monday evening will be presented the celebrated Comic Opera of

The Highland Reel.

AFTER WHICH
SUMMER AMUSEMENT:

THE MERRY GIRL.

LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA, MR. HARTLEY.

The whole to conclude with

HIPPERSLEY'S DRUNKEN MAN,
By Mr. H. CLAM.

New Novels,

Just received, and for sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck Slip.

THE BEGGAR GIRL,

AND HER BENEFACTORS.

By Mrs. Bennett.

EDGAR HUNTLY,

OR

Memories of a Sleep-Walker.

ILDIGERTE,

QUEEN OF NORWAY.

Translated from the German of Kotzebue.

DE VALCOURT,

By Mrs. Bennett.

LOUISA,

THE LOVELY ORPHAN,

Or the COTTAGE on the MOOR.

WANTED.—A young woman to do house work; one who is fond of children, and can produce the best recommendations—enquire at this office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

REBUS.

AN upright Judge of Pluto's fell domain,
A Grecian Chief by princely Paris slain,
A King, deceived by a silver cloud,
Who boasted that Heav'n's Queen he did inshroud,
An Oracle, before whose potent shrine
Sage Sibyls bow'd---convers'd in laws divine;
A Shepherd who did thirty years repose,
A River annually that overflows;
A Priest, whose wisdom had it but obtain'd,
Illion had sav'd, nor her tall temples flam'd;
Methymnas' Port, whose soft lays so sweet,
Charm'd e'en the monsters of the busy deep;
Nymphs of the sea who sail on Ocean's tide,
A Maid who on the ambient air does ride.

The Initials, when rightly combin'd, will declare
The street in which dwelleth a beautiful Fair,
With azure blue eyes and jet-color'd hair.

MY LANDLADY'S NOSE,

O'ER the evils of life 'tis a folly to fret,
Dependence and grief never lessen'd them yet:
Then a fig for the world---let it come as it goes,
I'll sing to the praise of my Landlady's Nose.

My Landlady's Nose is in noble condition,
For longitude, latitude, shape and position;
'Tis as round as a horn, and as red as a rose,
Success to the hulk of my Landlady's Nose.

To Jeweller's shops let your ladies repair,
For trinkets and nick-nacks to give them an air;
Here living carbuncles a score of 'em glow,
On the big mally sides of my Landlady's Nose.

Old Patrick M'Dougherty when on the fuddle,
Pulls out a fegar, and looks up to her noddle;
For Dougherty sweats, when he swigs a good dose,
By Majory's Firebrand, my Landlady's Nose.

Ye withy-wash butter-milk drinkers so cold,
Come here and the virtues of brandy behold;
Here's red burning Etina, a mountain of snows
Would roar down in streams from my Landlady's Nose.

Zach cavern profound of this snuff-loving snout.
Is furnish'd within, fit, as well as without;
O'er the brown upper lip such a cordial flows---
Of the cordial brown drops of my Landlady's Nose.

But, gods! when this trunk with an uplifted arm,
She grasps in the ditch clout to blow an alarm;
Horns, trumpets, and conchs are but screaming of crows,
To the loud thund'ring twang of my Landlady's Nose.

My Landlady's Nose unto me is treasure,
A care-killing noisum---A mountain of pleasure;
If I want for a laugh to discard all my woes,
I only look up to my Landlady's Nose.

ANECDOTE.

ONE of the Dover stages, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman, but being informed by the coachman, there were no inside passengers, and only one in the basket, and he a sailor, the robber instantly proceeded to exercise his functions upon the honest tar: When waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded to know what he wanted? To which the son of plunder replied---"Your money."---"You sha'n't have it," says Jack. "No!" replied the robber, "then I'll blow your brains out." "Blast your eyes, blow away," says Jack, "I may as well be without brains as without money---Drive on coachey."

REMARK.

Solitude in hiding failings makes them appear the greater. It is a safer and easier course frankly to acknowledge them. A man owns that he is ignorant; we admire his modesty. He says he is old; we scarce think him so. He declares himself poor; we do not believe it.

For Sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,
AND OTHER POEMS,
By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MORALIST.

SIXTY years hence not a single man or woman that is now twenty years of age shall be found! what a melancholy truth! But truth it is---a stubborn fact: and what is still more melancholy, many, very many of the lively actors on the stage of life at the present day, shall make their exit long ere sixty years "have roll'd away."---Sixty years! could we be sure of sixty years, what are they? A tale that is told---a dream---an empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advanceth in age---Like the degrees in longitude, man's life declineth as we travel towards the frozen pole, until they dwindle to a point, and vanish forever---Is it possible that life is of so short a duration! Will sixty years destroy all the golden names, over the doors, in the cities and towns of this flourishing country, and place new ones in their stead? Will all the blooming beauties, who now appear more than mortal, fade and disappear in sixty years?---Can it be the fate of the belles and beaux, who now float with the finest flour in their heads, in sixty years to be powdered in dust and ashes?---A fast it can, and most assuredly will be so.---Sixty years! says Death, grinning a ghastly smile "do you think I am going to leave sixty years? Not I! This very day, before the sun reaches "the margin of the west," thousands of belles and beaux besides numerous old men and babes, shall be sacrificed to feed, not to fill, my empty maw."

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